

there was a real element of romanticism in Price's plan.

"You see, I'll surprise Miss Hoyt with the song the college fellows sang many a moonlight night under the seminary windows—'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' We'll practice up a bit, steal into the Hoyt garden and give this dead old burg a real sensation."

It was almost nine o'clock in the evening when the twain started out, each carrying his special instrument under his arm. Earlier in the day they had strayed past the Hoyt home, and Price indicated where they would post themselves in the garden when the appointed hour arrived. As they left the hotel Price discovered that he had run out of extra guitar strings.

"I'll get a supply from the drug store in case of accidents," he explained. "You go ahead and I'll soon join you."

Harvey reached the Hoyt home. He stepped in among the shrubbery and waited for his friend. Suddenly the lights were turned on in an upper room. There appeared at its window a feminine form. It was Miss Hoyt, pale, disturbed, and she drew close to the window, her hand crossed on her breast, as if to subdue some deep emotion. Her head bent towards the interior of the house, as if some disturbing sound alarmed her.

So entranced was Harvey at the sudden beautiful apparition that he had not drawn out of the full focus of the flaming gas jet. She saw him, uttered a faint cry and then leaned from the window.

"Forgive me," she faltered, "you are a stranger, but—won't you—that is—I am all alone in the house, and some one is below, and I am afraid."

"At once," replied Harvey, swiftly taking in the situation.

He swung the mandolin case, ready for use as a weapon, ran around to the front of the house and dashed up the steps to find the door open. He stood still in the hallway and listened intently.

Harvey flared a match, found a gas jet and flooded the hall with light. Just then a timid, trembling form came down the staircase. It was Miss Hoyt. She bore a heavy cane.

"It is papa's," she said. "Please don't rush into danger—I am not afraid now."

For all that, she kept close to her intrepid champion as Harvey slowly advanced down the hall, armed with the weapon she had provided. Then, as there was a stir and then a crash, as of a chair thrown violently over, she clung to his arm. The next moment Harvey could not repress a jolly laugh.

"There is our formidable night disturber—no burglar after all, Miss Hoyt!" he exclaimed.

A large Newfoundland dog darted from the library into the hall and scurried past them through the front doorway. He had evidently wandered in just as Miss Hoyt had run up the stairs to get a wrap before resuming her swing seat on the porch.

"You—you seem to know my name," she began, and then, looking straight at the now somewhat embarrassed Harvey, she flushed all over her face. And just then, too, Harvey noticed a hat with a great blue veil on a hall seat, and understood. This was the young lady he had noticed at the park. Had she overheard the conversation between himself and Price? He wondered, as he retreated to the porch.

"I—I had better explain how I came to be here," he observed—"in the garden, I mean."

"I think I know," smiled Drusa. "I had an intimation of a serenade. I saw Mr. Price today, but did not wish to spoil what he intended as a surprise. Mercy! What is that?"

It was a shot, shouts, a crash—then the jangling strings of some musical instrument.

Both rushed out to the porch. A crash of glass made the still night echoes hideous. A man was dashing madly across the glass-covered gar-